Oh House of Stueards how you have rued

Sickly King James

when the House of Hanover did come over

and took ahold of the raines

Oh House of Stueards cast off your mude

you have been lang a waiting

you will ascend your own rightful throne

for it is now decaying

why shoud men be angry

why should they one me frown

God gave to ye a Profit

His words record them down

(Signed "Lord Mr. O'Reilly, September 18, 1905")

Occasionally a material object in a patient's writing acquires the force of an objective correlative in a poem. Miss Adams's letter to her father conveys an almost palpable sense of loss. She speaks of a lost relative or friend as a material loss that "like many of my other belongings ... [has] just gone astray." Perhaps she was thinking of some lost object and omitted to mention it, or perhaps all the losses simply blended together. She would have known every kind. One senses her alienation from the normal routines of life, in her references to children maturing and getting ready for school; after all, it was September. Her worries that her family might lose their house, seem to be an extension of her feelings for herself. It had been lost, but to her.